

The Sale of Esau's Birth-right, Or, the New Buckingham Ballad,

To the Tune of the *London Gentlewoman*, or *Little Peggy Ramsey*.

A Wondrous Tale I will relate,
The like was never told you,
Of *English* men that *England* hate,
The Town of *Bucks* has sold you.

To serve in Parliament they chose
Two men I fear to name them;
For if I did, you would suppose
I told a Lye to shame them.

That Beef and Ale should yet prevail,
You need no longer wonder;
For men of wit, must still submit
To Fools of greater number.

The D—, the Pope, and Tyranny,
Necess never fear a Down-fall,
For *Tiege* and *Wakeman* both would be
Elected for a Town-hall.

These Loyal men of *Buckingham*,
(True only to their Purse,)
Would sell the Crown to enrich the Town,
And laugh at all your Curses.

When they have sin'd, and damn'd their souls,
Or to the Devil gave them;
Their friend the Pope in him they hope,
Vell knowing he can save them.

If *Sc—* would take off *Oats*'s head,
He need not fear succeeding;
But send him down unto this Town,
He soon might see him bleeding.

Of Thirteen men there are but Six
Who do not merit Hemp-well,
The other seven play their Tricks
For *L—* and *T—*.

The Father is a Reprobate,
And yet the Son's Elected:
The Gaudy Youth comes down in State,
And must not be rejected.

Our prating Knight doth owe his Call
To Timber, and his Lady,
Though one goes longer with Town-hall,
Then t'other with her Baby.

These men do to their choosing trudge
With all the speed that can be,
And make the Son the Father's Judge,
To save great *Tom of D—*.

The Bailiff is so mad a Spark
(Though lives by Tanning Leather)
That for a Load of *Temple's* Bark,
He'd Sacrifice his Father.

His Horns do shine, his Wife kept fine,
All men would blame him had he
Not made him stand, whose helping hand
Must make him be a Daddy.

He huffs and rants, and calls to Hall,
But will not give men warning:
When drunk o're night, he takes delight
To play the Rogue i'th' morning.

Next comes the Barber, who will do
Whatever you desire him;
He for a Groat, will cut your Throat,
A Lowlie, perjur'd hireling.

God damn and rot his Arm, he cries,
And swears like any Lover,
For to be true, to three in two,
Poor *Judas* younger Brother.

Of late he huff'd and drank with Lords,
But since a sad Disaster
Hath summon'd him to Wash and Trim,
A Rev'rend Owl his Master.

Another he hath kiss'd a hand,
Which puts him in a Rapture;
So have I known a Miss o'th' Town,
Adore the Fopp that Clapt her.

Since kissing hands can so prevail,
There's no man need want Riches;
If they'l be kind, and come behind,
They're welcome to our Breeches.

Thus *Buckingham* hath led the way
To Popery and sorrow;
Those seven Knaves who make us slaves,
Would sell their God to morrow.

A List of those who Voted for their King and Country, Protestant Religion, and Sir P. — *T—*

Mr. Rogers Draper,
Mr. Brown Gent.

Mr. Mason Apothecary,
Mr. Everley Draper,

Mr. Robinson Laceman,
Mr. Walter Arnot Ironmonger.

Honest men and True, be not weary of Well-doing.

Mr. William Haply was absent at the Election, nor was there any need of his Company.

Those who Voted for the L—d *L—* for the E. of *D—* for Popery, and for their Town-hall,
George Dwyer Tanner and Bayliff, Henry Bayward Knight of the Post, and Shaver George Carter Baker,
Thomas Shorn Farmer, in Ordinary to her Excellency *Magdalen*,
William Sandwell Maulster, *Servant* Maulster, Good Lord deliver us from

Those who Voted for Sir R. T. his Timber, Chimney-stone and Court, were the same with the L—, and were
The Charter of this Town was given them by Queen Mary for their good Service in the propagation of Popery.
Therefore (to give the Devil his due) they are but true to their old Cause.